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*JUNE HARVEST*  
*and Other Poems*

by

*LEON E. DANIELS*



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JUNE HARVEST  
*and Other Poems*

*by*

LEON E. DANIELS



BURLINGTON, VERMONT  
THE FREE PRESS PRINTING COMPANY  
1923

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no 1



*In Affectionate Remembrance  
of My Mother*

*Lucinda Boardman Daniels*

*Whose Loving Counsel Fostered  
and Whose Daily Life Exemplified .*

*Whatever is True and Good and Beautiful  
in Its Pages*

*This Volume is Inscribed*



## Preface

To assiduous readers of the *University Cynic* and the *Ariel* of a quarter century ago, many of the poems that follow will not be new, except as certain corrections and revision have made them so; several have appeared in other periodicals, and others are here printed for the first time.

It has always been a favorite theory of the author that the verse lover who reads with sympathy and understanding shares, to a certain degree at least, in the creative joy of the poet. The poet, at his best, creates; the reader recreates. If, then, the alumni of the University of Vermont, and the larger body of graduates (and undergraduates) of the *State*, around both of which institutions the interest of these unpretentious poems chiefly centers, shall derive from reading, a fraction of the pleasure that the author found in writing them, he will feel well rewarded for the time and labor involved in publication, and justified in an undertaking which their intrinsic merit alone would hardly have warranted.

Grateful acknowledgment is made to Mr. Julius A. Tellier, of the class of 1902, to Mr. Chas. R. Cummins and to Mr. Winthrop Cortelyou, for permission to reprint titles that originally appeared, respectively, in the Vermont Song Book, the *Vermont* and *'L'Allegro*. Reproductions have also been made from *Vermont Verse*, compiled by Russell Wales Taft (deceased), of the class of 1898, the *Waverley Magazine* and the *Boston Budget*, it having been found impossible, however, to locate the present owners of the respective copyrights.

New Dorp, Staten Island, N. Y.

June 30, 1923.



## *Index to Titles*

Alumni ad Seniores.....	20
Anniversary Lines.....	21
Autumn Pastels.....	44
Autumn Woods.....	47
Beloved's Nearness, The.....	69
Centennial Hymn.....	80
Christmas Eve.....	10
Class Poem.....	67
Close the Book and Let the Breeze.....	82
Cradle Song.....	70
Cuba Libre.....	15
December Roses.....	11
Doing Things Well.....	24
First Bobolink, The.....	12
Flight of the Birds, The.....	79
Fortune Telling.....	25
Golden Rod.....	26
Green and the Gold, The.....	45
Home Port, The.....	74
June Harvest.....	9
Justin S. Morrill.....	32
Last of the Manisees, The.....	16
Lines to An April Lady.....	75
Love at First Sight.....	81
Love Letter, A.....	33
May.....	37
Nachgefühl.....	42
New Year, The.....	69
October in New England.....	43
Opportunity.....	13
Our Allen.....	34
Pilgrim, The.....	13

Poet's Recipe, A.....	15
Ring of Polycrates, The.....	29
Sehnsucht.....	42
Serenade, The.....	35
"Shut Ins," The.....	41
Skate Homeward, The.....	46
Smoky Spell, The.....	78
Song of Home, A.....	48
Sonnet.....	54
Sonnet.....	66
Sub-Prefect Afield, The.....	76
Summer Rain.....	71
Sun Dial, The.....	36
Swim Homeward, The.....	53
Temple Building.....	11
To A Sweetheart.....	65
To An Old Volume of "The Knickerbocker".....	49
To Grenville Dean Wilson.....	52
To Lucius Sextius.....	28
To Mercury.....	51
To the Boers at War.....	65
To the Distant Loved One.....	52
To the Soldier Students.....	41
Two Sweethearts.....	53
Uncle Hiram Attends A Football Game.....	55
Vacationing at Harvard.....	39
When the Tide Is Low.....	78







*"Where the impetuous pond brook gushes  
Fieldward, 'mid swaying reeds and rushes."*



# June Harvest and Other Poems

## JUNE HARVEST

When maiden June demure first dowers Mother Earth,  
    Who gave her birth,  
With that rare beauty which, when winds untangle  
Her wandering tresses' gold, makes glad revealing,  
Her starry eyes o'erblown with many a spangle  
Of sunny buttercups, the elf goes softly stealing  
To some flower-margined woodland pool  
And, viewing her image in its waters cool,  
Blushes to find than all the beauty there,  
    Herself more fair.

Or when, more queenly grown, 'mid blossoming clover,  
    She greets her lover,  
The ardent Summer, athirst for cooling fountains  
And scent of hay, cloyed with the jasmine flower,  
In many a shady stream his brow she laves,  
Or in far lakes amid the murmuring waves,  
Or in the forest dews of pine-clad mountains;  
Then, soothingly, in some sequestered bower,  
His loneliness charms away, the while he lays his  
Enraptured self among the nodding daisies,  
And soon his dazzled eyes in slumber closes  
    'Neath showers of roses.

What time the farmer in Vermont's rich meadows,  
    O'er flecked with shadows  
From those aerial argosies whose fleecy pinions  
Majestic float across the sunlit azure,  
Sharpens his scythe and scans his green dominions  
Where first to cut his hay-mow's fragrant treasure—

The timorous buttercups, herd's grass, bee-haunted clover,  
And, where the impetuous pond brook gushes  
Fieldward, mid swaying reeds and rushes,  
The lush swale grass; while irises, leaning over  
The murmuring flood, the green expanses leaven  
With blue of heaven.

So shall the poet weave thee now a garland  
From that lost, far land,  
The June of life, whence yet fresh winds are blowing,  
Tempering the August heat. What recollections  
Of fadeless hours, what long foregone affections,  
What after deeds from that seed-time outgrowing,  
What griefs, what joys, what longings past believing  
Blend in its weaving!

Perchance shall here no immortelle, no flower everlasting  
Brave Winter's blasting;  
But such as by lone roads, by hedge or river,  
Near Nature's heart, to summer winds surrender  
For a brief time their meed of cheer and fragrance,  
Content, ere they shall wither, on some tender,  
Warm breast to nestle, or to win a stray glance  
From friendly eyes—contented, too, the giver,  
If so be that some loving heart shall cherish  
The songs that perish.

## CHRISTMAS EVE

'Twas Christmas Eve; and o'er the waters' breast  
Where eddying waves their soft, low carols sung—  
Sung as of old, when Christmas hours were young,  
Their joyous anthems to the Heavenly Guest—  
A beam of light shot from the darkening west  
And o'er the lake a golden pathway flung,  
In crimson folds the sunset clouds o'erhung  
And on the earth the kiss of evening pressed.

'Twas thus perchance by far-off Galilee  
Where walked the gentle Christ at Christmas-tide  
And heard the waves low murmuring at his side  
Their greeting to His glad nativity,  
Did parting light o'er hills Judean shine  
And rest in beauty on the Face Divine.

### DECEMBER ROSES

In many a quiet country room,  
    Within the city's crowded closes,  
They fill our wintry days with bloom,  
    The gay December roses.

On faded cheeks I see them glow,  
    Whereo'er Time sets his mantle hoary,  
Like the quick blush that, years ago,  
    Flamed at the old, sweet story.

On one dear face, whose mantling hue  
    At our late parting I remember  
The fairest of thy roses strew,  
    O wind of bleak December.

And Heaven, so kind to her in June,  
    Whate'er the changeful year discloses,  
Make bright her life's late afternoon  
    With love's December roses.

### TEMPLE BUILDING

We all are temple-builders, and each day  
    Swift as the seasons, noiseless as the stir  
Of angels' pinions, mar them though we may,  
    Rise the eternal walls of character.

## THE FIRST BOBOLINK

Light-hearted minstrel whose song now, whose motion  
    Gladden the fields, newly waked by the sun,  
Hither thou wing'st through the calm upper ocean  
    Swiftly thy course ere the springtime be done.  
Heardst thou when still, its warm breath on thy pinions,  
    The wind of the southland besought thee to stay,  
Low calling thee back from proud Summer's dominions  
    The far-distant, tremulous voices of May?

Gay was thy life there, thou roguish despoiler,  
    Small thanks to thee that thy life e'er was spared;  
Thy marauding raids have the sun-brownéd toiler  
    Cost nearly his rice crop, reluctantly shared,  
Then, like a harlequin, in changes robes thou wingest  
    Northward thy flight, and 'tis hardly begun  
Ere thy mute throat gushes forth and thou singest  
    Post-prandial lays till the haven is won.

Hadst ne'er a regret as thy loved Carolinas,  
    Their palms and their rice-fields were left far behind?  
Yet why shouldst thou e'er after past joys repine as  
    Thou speddest away ever sweeter to find?  
Long was thy journey and, through the blue distance,  
    Long ere New England's rock-slopes issued forth,  
Still on was thy course till, with patient insistence,  
    At last rose before thee the hills of the North.

Without thy gay flute-notes to tell us the season,  
    Scarce should we, I ween, 'mid our toils and our cares,  
E'er notice its beauty, or sense the glad reason  
    For all the mad rapture thy melody bears—  
And thief as thou wert, for such artless outlawry,  
    Thou plumed Robin Hood, where's the judge could  
    indict?

Thou bringest us peace and new hopes—'twere a sorry  
    And barren springtime by thy song ne'er made bright.

## OPPORTUNITY

One night I dreamed, outside my open door  
An angel stood, in heavenly splendor dressed,  
Gems of rare beauty at her side she wore,  
A crown of gleaming pearls her forehead pressed;

And in her outstretched hands there met my gaze  
A garland wrought of diamonds so bright  
They drove away the heavy shades of night  
With the pure brilliance of their dazzling rays.

“Arise and take,” the vision softly said,  
“‘Tis thine to use, for good or ill, today”—  
But I, half-doubting, turned aside my head  
And, lo, the splendor slowly died away.

At last the morning broke; his hapless lot  
I heard the beggar mourn in tones of woe,  
While from the mingled calls to work below  
A voice said, “This thy crown; refuse it not.”

## THE PILGRIM

From the German of Schiller

Far back in life's joyous Maytime,  
Did I the wanderer's lot espouse,  
All the sports of youth's glad playtime,  
Left I in my father's house.

All my birthright, loved belongings,  
Cheerfully did I resign;  
Boyhood, still, with all its longings  
And the pilgrim's staff were mine.

For a mighty hope upbore me  
And a mystic faith was mine—  
“Mount,” it bade, “the way before thee,  
Till its farthest heights are thine.”

“Till thou reach a golden portal,  
Where arriving, enter in;  
For what earthly is and mortal  
There a heavenly life shall win?”

Morn and evening came—unbidden,  
Sweat and toil were still my lot;  
Still remained forever hidden  
That for which I worked and sought.

In my path the mountains towered,  
Streams my onward course withstood,  
Over yawning chasms I lowered  
Bridges 'cross the raging flood.

Till, at last, where, eastward flowing,  
A calm river bade to rest;  
I, its hidden shoals unknowing,  
Refuge took upon its breast.

Onward to the mighty ocean  
Me its playful current bore;  
Still the goal of my devotion  
Was no nearer than before.

Ah, no pathway thither leadeth;  
And the Heaven that seems so near,  
Ever from the earth recedeth,  
And the There is never Here.

## A POET'S RECIPE

To a stock that's well flavored with fancy and fact  
And warmed with good humour and cheer,  
Add the cream of your wit and, with consummate tact,  
Timely epigrams, culled there and here.

Forget not true sympathy's magical touch,  
Making readers and poets all kin;  
Our poor human foibles don't blame overmuch,  
Rather, draw out the beauty within.

A fine vein of pathos may not be eschewed,  
Nor the most unimpeachable rhymes;  
Stir well, and, once it has settled, you've brewed  
A dish that is fit for the *Times*.

But stay ere you serve it; your lines well rehearse,  
And pause with a prayer on your lip  
To the Muse that loves indigent writers of verse  
That the editor forget not his "tip."

## CUBA LIBRE

Long years did Tyranny with bloody hand  
Fill thy fair borders with his awful reign;  
Thrice-cruel seemed it, for 'twas sunny Spain,  
Thy mother country, near whose southern strand  
Rise still the piles thy fathers' cunning planned;  
'Twas she that smote thee; and the mother tongue,  
In whose soft cadence many a bard has sung,  
Fell curses framed against thy suffering land.

Now all is over; in thy tropic calm,  
Sleep on, fair isle, the century's latest state.  
On thy sad wounds has Justice poured her balm,  
And Peace, white-wingéd, stands now at thy gate.  
For fame nor spoils was it we fought for thee:  
Our hearts said, ere our guns: "Thou shouldst be free."

## THE LAST OF THE MANISEES

Storm-beat, sun-browned as the isle  
Thou and thine did hold erstwhile,  
Wanderer from that far-off shore  
Whence e'en yet, with muffled roar,  
Breakers boom along the vast,  
Echoing cavern of the past,  
Bearing o'er the misty sea  
Messages for us and thee—  
Exile of an exiled race,  
What after deeds can e'er efface  
A past ensanguined by the greed  
That broke the bounds of Christian creed  
And made the Puritans whose quest  
For peace and freedom God had blessed  
Usurpers of the Red Man's right,  
Enforcers of unhallowed might,  
Ready to use, when guile was spent,  
The musket's sterner argument:  
Heard'st thou not from thy fathers so,  
'Round wintry camp-fires, Indian Joe?

Indian Joe, what furrows now  
Time has sunken on thy brow.  
Many a fleeting year has shed  
Flowers and hoar-frost on thy head,  
Many an Indian brave laid down  
Bow and quiver in his brown  
Burial-wigwam, ere the wave  
Thy first bark rough welcome gave.  
Fiercely, when o'er the foam returning,

---

Author's Note: Twenty-five years ago there was employed at one of the summer hotels of Block Island, R. I., an old Indian, who was reputed to be one of the few survivors of the Manisee tribe, once powerful on the Island. The poem attempts to portray something of his history and to describe certain aspects of his island home.



With dipping prow the mad waves spurning,  
Roared how many a "line-storm" gale  
'Round thy homeward-speeding sail;  
Lashed thy wigwam skins in vain  
Each autumnal hurricane,  
Vainly, in thy stronghold fast,  
Beat o'er thee December's blast?  
What fear could e'er the storm's decree  
Inspire in thee, bold Manisee;  
What mattered it how winds did blow,  
When life was gladness, Indian Joe?

Long thy years and sad and long  
Reads the story of thy wrong,  
Since northward where, a broadening stream,  
The Narragansett's waters gleam,  
Thy tribesmen bent the dripping oar  
Their island home to own no more;  
Thou only left to hold and claim  
The music of that Indian name;  
To pass thy days for clothes and food  
In dull and thankless servitude;  
Happy if some summer guest  
Take pity at thy oft request  
And, richer in money than in time,  
Draw from his purse the longed-for dime,  
Unknowing that the quenchless thirst,  
Set of old by that fire accursed,  
Rages and burns in thee yet, a slave  
To the "elixir of life" the white man gave.  
What matters it how the world may go,  
When "fire-water" gladdens thee, Indian Joe?

Changes that to thee must seem  
The taunting visions of a dream,  
Time with as wondrous rites has wrought

As ever Indian wizard taught.  
Thick-clustered round the crescent bay  
Where then the skin-thatched wigwams lay,  
The conqueror's village, white and clean,  
Crowns many a rolling hill of green;  
For belt of wampum now are told  
Trade's costlier wares in beads of gold;  
Thy wigwam poles grand mansions rise,  
Where idling wealth with beauty vies,  
And Pleasure in her three-month sway,  
With Summer keeps glad holiday.  
Still, deep and solemn as of yore,  
The ocean thunders on the shore;  
And childish hands of fairer hue  
Search now the calm shoal waters through,  
Gathering from the sands the free,  
Wave-worn treasures of the sea,  
Where thou, perchance, long years ago  
Sought the blue star-fish, Indian Joe.

Thrice-happy he to whom unfold  
From memory's store youth's days of gold,  
Sweeten the lingering draught of pain,  
Hold to the lips where sorrow is  
The wine from youth's rich chalices,  
And make the old heart young again.  
And so to thee must come through all  
Thy present ills some madrigal  
Of summer joys whose echoes chime  
Full gladly o'er life's winter clime.  
Still gleams, red-eyed, across the night  
The beacon of the great South Light;  
The fog-horn shrieks its notes of woe,  
The breakers on the rocks below  
Lead with deep-voiced minstrelsy  
The anthem of the wind and sea.

But thine no more the camp-fire's blaze,  
No more, as in those olden days,  
Shall Indian braves in council plan  
Defense against the Mohegan;  
Nor 'round the hundred ponds that smile  
Throughout the Little God's fair Isle.  
Shall thy light net of willow snare  
The marsh-hen from her reedy lair,  
Nor from his muddy depths draw out,  
With hook of bone, the horned pout.  
No—all thy tribal heritage,  
Speech, customs, gone; that simpler age,  
A link in Time's enmeshing chain,  
Has passed, as ours shall pass amain,  
Recording on Fate's conscious scroll  
Its part to make the perfect whole.  
Nature, in spite of bars and checks,  
The simple moulds to the complex;  
Thus, ordered in God's ancient plan  
To mark the long ascent of man,  
Thou, too, and thine may rest content  
To be His needed instrument,  
Assured His love shall with thee go,  
Here and hereafter, Indian Joe.



## ALUMNI AD SENIORES

O reverend knights of cap and gown,  
Hard tried in high endeavor,  
Who soon must lay your armor down  
And college friendships sever;

With you we'd share the lore with which  
Old tutor world did cram us,  
So now in this brief hemistitch,  
*Vos nixi salutamus.*

But, "doff your armor" when so soon  
The conflict round you closes?—  
'Tis but to taste awhile of June,  
And rest beneath its roses.

That armor which, in college days,  
Full many a foe hath vanquished,  
Must still protect you on your ways  
And never be relinquished.

And, although parts are weak, be bold;  
Let each act new strength give it—  
Life's duties done as they unfold  
Shall add both plate and rivet.

And let the battle's surge and din,  
Now those still cloisters nearing,  
Be as a trumpet call to win,  
*Sans* doubting and *sans* fearing.

Both give and take: the shattered steel  
In life's requiting warring,  
When faith and love are there to heal,  
Grows stronger from the scarring.

No furloughs and no crosses ask  
    When life's campaign pursuing;  
Your rest find in the daily task,  
    Your badge in its well doing.

To cant and wrong lay dauntless siege,  
    Your mail make bright with Honor:  
'Neath that fair crest, *noblesse oblige*,  
    No stain should come upon her;

So that, when battling days are done,  
    And Life's awards allotted,  
What though the joust be lost or won,  
    Your shield be still unspotted.

### ANNIVERSARY LINES

Read at the People's Academy Commencement,  
    Morrisville, Vt., June, 1900

Tonight the old school welcomes us, and through  
The well-known gates her annual tribute flows;  
Requiting Time the long-held debt bestows,  
And old-time voices mingle with the new.  
Older the years have made us, yet more true  
Methinks to *Alma Mater* and to those  
Resplendent visions of the good that rose  
'Neath her kind heed and with her nurture grew.

And so tonight, whate'er our trophies be  
On life's field won, to her who early taught  
The kindly deed, the truth-inspired thought,  
We bring them with the old-time loyalty,  
And, like Æneas at the hallowed gate,  
To her the sword and ægis dedicate.

To us who, through the mingled light and shade  
That flecked life's pathway through the last decade,  
Look down the broadening vista, which still seems  
The haunt of fragrant memories, youthful dreams,  
How pleasantly returns that autumn day  
Whose stroke of nine first called, in glad array,  
Us upward to the goal of all our prayers—  
That sacred precinct, then known as "Up stairs".

Entering elate, as on enchanted ground,  
Not least among those budding joys we found  
That elementary woe, our A B C,  
By some kind magic changed to a Beebe,\*  
A name whose twin imperatives impressed  
Ever the precepts, "Be earnest, be your best";  
A man whom words of mine but ill can show  
How much we honor, and how much we owe.

Our freshman year sped on; with haughty mien  
We passed our former schoolmates on the green,  
And, strange to say, as schooldays onward flew,  
Full many a thing we learned we never knew.  
Soon, too, we read, with unsuspecting zest,  
That Gaul *in partes tres divisa est*;  
Since then we've felt in journeying on life's barge  
The part that falls to us is rather large.  
Not like spring tonics, *now*, but *all* the year  
The Fates decree it and, without a tear,  
Old Doctor Time, that stern allopathist,  
Forces it down with many a grievous twist.

Later, 'mid blinding snows or drenching rains,  
We bore the brunt of Cæsar's rough campaigns,

---

\*W. A. Beebe, U. of Vt., 1889, for many years Principal of People's Academy.

Raised Roman eagles o'er the forests where  
The Rhine's first babblings woo the Alpine air,  
With Cæsar crossed the British Channel o'er  
And fought the sturdy Briton like a Boer.  
(And, would to Heaven, in the present fray,  
The Boers had Cæsar on their side today!)

But harder tasks arose; no engineer  
Of Saint Gothard had greater cause for fear  
Than we when, with our lexicons in line,  
We ready made to span the swollen Rhine.  
Some I recall who had fine pluck displayed  
In all our broils, ere the first beam was laid,  
Betook themselves to some adjacent ridge  
And watched their former comrades build the bridge.

From Cæsar's hobbies 'twas we suffered most—  
Those long forced marches, how much toil they cost!  
And how we dubbed his ablative absolute  
As absolutely stale, and hard, to boot.  
Yes, Cæsar, stern thou wast, but not unkind:  
Thy deeper meaning has been ours to find;  
We've lived to learn in life's grim war that he  
Who wins must go *magno itinere*,  
And he who worsts his foes, nor yet maintains  
Rule o'er himself, a doubtful victory gains.

Ay, Learning's taste was sweet and though forgot  
Are half her maxims and the storied thought  
Of Cæsar, Homer, and the rhapsodies  
Of Mantua's poet, dearer far than these,  
Rings out tonight from chords long struck the tune  
That filled with joy those other days of June.  
God grant, as then, our ideals still may be  
A richer service, faith and loyalty.

## DOING THINGS WELL

Get into the habit of doing things well;  
Its value is great if you've service to sell.  
You expect it from others; then do it yourself:  
(Consistency rusts when it's kept on the shelf.)  
From the long list of deeds through which energy acts  
You'll find standing out this most helpful of facts,  
That the doer whom history loves to recall  
Was he who did *some* thing the best of them all;  
And the boy whose success we can safely foretell  
Is the one who begins just by doing things well.

You may know the old story, rehearsed oft before,  
Of the man—and the world making tracks to his door,  
Because, in plain truth, the mouse-traps he made  
By their merit put all other brands “in the shade,”  
So the maker's best efforts were vain to supply  
His famous mouse-traps to all who would buy.  
Now, we can't all make mouse-traps; if we did, 'twere a sin,  
For then where would all the poor “tabbies” come in?  
But, whatever your calling, the maxim applies,  
And you'll heed it, my boy, if you wish to be wise:  
If you learn a hard lesson, or give the school yell,  
Get into the habit of doing it well.

And do not, I beg you, belittle the sweat  
And labor of those whom the world may forget,  
But who in their corner, through rain and through shine,  
Have steadily followed this maxim of mine;  
Their reward is secure, for, though hidden from view,  
They did with their might what their hands found to do.  
Theirs the plaudit, “Well done,” which, the Good Book  
doth tell,  
Is promised to those who keep doing things well.



Do I hear you remark: "It's a fine thing to teach,  
But better by far what you *practice* to preach."  
You could write such a sermon much better than I;  
Here's pencil and paper; you're welcome to try;  
But till you attempt it, you never can tell  
How hard I have tried to write this sermon well.

## FORTUNE TELLING

Laughing Bess and red-cheeked Hal  
Romping through the clover;  
Picking nodding buttercups,  
Glad that school is over;  
Letting down the pasture bars,  
Through the woodlands straying,  
Gray moss-cups and meadow-sweet  
Now their steps delaying.

"Wait," cries Bessie, bending down,  
Roguish little figure;  
"Let's see what you're going to be  
After you get bigger."  
So picking then a long fern leaf,  
From the forest's treasure,  
She gravely pulled the leaflets off,  
Repeating this quaint measure:  
"*Rich man, poor man, beggar man, thief,  
Lawyer, doctor, merchant, chief.*"

Fast the fateful leaflets fall,  
Like birds of evil feather,  
Till finally the fern leaf and  
The couplet end together.  
"A chief—that's what you're going to be,"  
Said Bess, in laughter raising

Her eyes to Hal; "What fun 'twill be"—  
Still at her playmate gazing.

\* \* \* \* \*

Many a springtime flower has bloomed,  
Many a tempest driven,  
Since their childish oracle  
In the woodlands given.

Sly Cupid has improved the years,  
That shrewd young mathematician,  
And their two hearts has joined in one,  
Most marvelous addition!

But now, alas for prophecy!  
Sweet Bess, when last I saw her,  
Was in that home acknowledged chief,  
And Harold? *He's* a lawyer.

### GOLDEN ROD

September comes in robes than princes' fairer,  
With blooms that wave and nod;  
And, clothed in royal garb, his color-bearer  
Thou comest, golden rod.

What though an outcast, low in rank and station,  
A friend of all thou art—  
The woodland bee makes thee his destination,  
The butterfly, her mart.

Blithe crickets, chirping in thy fragrant shadows,  
Thy chief musicians be;  
And bright-winged flies, gay rovers of the meadows,  
Thy happy tenantry.

More beautiful is life because thou dwellest  
    'Mid humble haunts of men,  
And with thy wand of sunlight still foretellest  
    The golden days again.

The aster leans toward thee her swaying censer,  
    A cousin's right to claim,  
And incense-fire begs of thee, dispenser  
    Of summer's hoarded flame.

Like him of old who to his suffering neighbor  
    With help and comfort ran,  
Thou art to all who on lone highways labor  
    A Good Samaritan.

No ill bodes thee the day, or wind that shifteth,  
    Staunch kinsman of the sun,  
That valiantly his flameless torch uplifteth,  
    When he his course has run?

No lovelier flower he finds in journeying over  
    Our northern hemisphere;  
His own warm hue he gives thee, as a lover,  
    To brighten and to cheer.

And when at last cold winter's icy fingers  
    Do smite thee down, e'en then,  
Still o'er thy desert haunts fond memory lingers,  
    And thou dost bloom again.

O, teach us by the brightness of thy splendor  
    How great 'tis, how divine,  
To keep our hearts through all e'er brave and tender,  
    Our faces glad, like thine!

## TO LUCIUS SEXTIUS

Q. *Horatii Flacci Carminum IV, Liber 1*

Spring's glad return and the South wind loosen harsh  
Winter's cold fingers;

Pulleys now drag up dry keels on the beaches;

Now no more herds in the stalls rejoice, nor plowman  
by firesides lingers,

Nor the hoar frost whitens the far meadow reaches.

Venus again 'neath the moon, she of Cytherea, leads her  
chorus,

Nymphs paired with Graces, a fair troop that tires,

Treading with this foot, now that, the fresh earth; while  
up o'er us,

Sweaty Vulcan fans the fell Cyclopean fires.

Now it is comely the green, leafy laurel to bind round sleek  
tresses,

Or the gay flowers that of young meadows savor;

Now it is fitting to offer oblations to Pan in the lush wilder-  
nesses,

Whether a lamb 'tis or a kid meets his favor.

Treading with equal approach, pallid Death stalks through  
poverty's gate and

Kings' proud abodes. For, O happy Sextius,

Life, with brief span, doth forbid us long existence  
await, and

Now, even now the night presses on thee; and next us  
Pluto's dim home and the fabled *manes* are calling;

hence when thou goest,

Such wine as this shall ne'er be thy lot, now so warm-  
ing;

Nor shalt thou then the fair Lycide behold, at whom, as  
thou knowest,

Each youth enthuses, for there all maids lose their  
charming.

## THE RING OF POLYCRATES

From the German of Schiller

On his palace summits stood he,  
And with proud contentment viewed he  
    Far-lying Samos' rich estate.  
To Egypt's king he spake: "These regions  
To me alone owe firm allegiance;  
    Admit that I am fortunate."

"The gods in truth do on thee shower  
Rare gifts, yet still thy scepter's power  
    Constrains them, who were as thy kin.  
But one lives still whose wrath may claim thee,  
Hence can my lips not happy name thee,  
    While his dread eye keeps watch within."

And ere the king had done, appearing,  
See! a Milesian herald bearing  
    This message from the Tyrant there:  
"Let sacrificial incense, sire,  
Now mingle with thy altar fire,  
    And festive myrtle crown thy hair.

"For now thy foe, by spear-thrust smitten,  
Lies low; behold the glad news written  
    By thy true vassal, Polydore."  
And from an urn's dark depths, still bleeding,  
A well-known head he drew, receding  
    The sovereigns' frightened gaze before.

The king, awe-struck, shrank back: "Believe me,  
Trust Fate no more, lest she deceive thee,"  
    He cautioned with uneasy glance;  
"Reflect, how on some hidden shallow  
The treacherous sea thy fleet may swallow,  
    Once fickle fortune yields to chance."

But hardly yet the words were spoken  
When the tense pause again was broken  
    By joyous trumpets' martial din:  
With foreign treasure richly freighted  
To secret havens, long awaited,  
    The many-masted fleet comes in.

The royal guest looked on astonished:  
"Today thy fortune's well admonished,  
    But guard against a change of hand.  
The Cretans' hostile forces arming,  
In threatening might to battle swarming,  
    Already near thy peaceful strand."

Ere this was said, a glad commotion  
Rose from the ships that braved the ocean  
    And thousand voices "Victory" cried:  
"From dreaded foes we're saved—our allies,  
The storm and wave wrecked Crete's proud galleys  
    And war no more shall us betide."

This heard the royal guest with terror,  
"Forsooth, I must admit my error;  
    Yet still I tremble for my host.  
The gods' keen envy makes me fearful,  
For joy unchanging in this tearful  
    Abode can yet no mortal boast."

"Me also Heaven's kind grace attended,  
Through all my sovereign sway befriended,  
    Assuring all a happy fate:  
And yet one precious son I treasured  
Did God take from me—thus I measured  
    Full penance for my happy state."

“So, wilt thou still from grief defend thee,  
Go pray the spirits they may lend thee  
    Sorrow for joy and loss for gain.  
None saw I yet make happy ending  
On whom the gods, from full hands lending,  
    Shower rich gifts that fall like rain.”

“And if the gods this boon refuse thee,  
Then take a friend’s advice and loose thee  
    Thyself from such disaster free;  
And what from all thy well-loved treasures  
Thy heart’s most deep affection measures,  
    Take thou and cast it in this sea.”

The other spoke, by fear inspired:

“Of all this isle holds most desired,  
    This ring here is my chiefest good;  
With this the Fates then I’ll importune  
That they may pardon my good fortune  
    And cast the jewel in the flood.”

But scarce was day’s next sunrise gleaming,  
When proudly came, with glad face beaming,  
    A fisher to the Samian king:

“This fish—of last night’s toil the sequel—  
Of which net ne’er has caught the equal,  
    To thee as rightful gift I bring.”

And as the cook prepared for eating  
The wondrous catch, his heart stopped beating,  
    And to the king in haste he ran:

“The ring thou wor’st—I come to tell thee—  
I found it in the fish’s belly;  
    O, thy good fortune has no span.”

Here cried the guest, his awe grown stronger,  
"With thee can I abide no longer,  
    Nor friend of thine in future be;  
The gods are bent on thy perdition,  
And I go hence, lest me they wish on  
    An equal fate"; and off sailed he.

## JUSTIN S. MORRILL

(1810-1898)

Rest, statesman, rest, the long-fought battle ended,  
    Fame claims thee hers throughout the coming years;  
On thy last sleep in silence has descended  
    The benediction of a nation's tears.

Not thine a life of ease, or showy splendor;  
    On thee Truth's kindest beam did never shine,  
Yet all that makes a people's staunch defender,  
    Protector, friend—all these were nobly thine.

Ambition's wiles nor Mammon's greedy favors  
    Ne'er moved thee; in its undisturbed repose  
That steadfast virtue of those patriots savors  
    Who lived of old where Father Tiber flows.

From where Pacific rolls his waves enchanted  
    To the far reaches of the eastern pine,  
The lights of rural lore thy wisdom planted  
    As fadeless beacons evermore shall shine.

And still, whate'er befall us, thy loved nation,  
    Writ clear on History's immortal page,  
Thy deeds shall surer make our destination,  
    Thy life shall be our cherished heritage.



## A LOVE LETTER

Oft do I picture thee when day is done,  
And, soft and deep, the twilight shadows fall,  
Ensnoced before the hearth, where flash and run  
The glowing heralds of the flame, alone,  
With book in hand—a well-thumbed tome, withal—  
Of some old bard whose rhythmic measures beat  
In tune with thy fond dreams, my Marguerite.

The weary lessons of the day are o'er;  
To thee 'tis naught how Jason held his prow  
From sunny Argos toward the golden shore;  
How sailed the young Crusaders eastward—more  
Than they thou voyagest, for on thee blow  
Kind memory's magic winds, as gently greet  
The scenes of other day, thee, Marguerite.

So, might I take thy hand in mine, my dear,  
And share with thee the treasures of the past—  
Those times so far away, and yet so near,  
When love was young, and new with every year  
Those youthful joys that shall all time outlast;  
For youth and hope and love, in union sweet,  
Are thine and mine for aye, my Marguerite.

And dare I hope, as slowly o'er the walls  
Faint shadows creep, the bard's last song is sung,  
The fire-light flickers, and, like music, falls  
The night-wind's whisper through the vacant halls,  
That Sleep's soft curtain, gently o'er thee flung,  
Shall, as in old days, the spell repeat  
That joins thy soul with mine, my Marguerite?

## OUR ALLEN

### *Founder's Song*

When George the Third sat on his throne and wondered  
How best to crush rebellious Yankee Land;  
When through Vermont's still vales his cannon thundered  
And dangers gathered fast on every hand,  
When patriots all to smite the kindred foemen  
Drew sword and won their freedom and their fame,  
'Twas then stood up the bravest of our yeomen  
And General Ira Allen was his name.

#### REFRAIN

O Allen, our Allen; and a rah! rah! Ira Allen!  
Your bones are dust, but your name we trust,  
For our praise shall never want;  
Nor a song's refrain, while o'er Champlain  
Streams bright the western glory,  
And the splendor falls through her fair halls,  
Of your founding Old Vermont.

Like Scipio, renowned in ancient story,  
A shrewd adviser you in Freedom's cause,  
Your country helped to save by deeds of glory,  
Your State to safeguard by unselfish laws;  
And when the war was over, we know how well,  
With courage true no toil nor care could daunt,  
For Valor's sword you took the humble trowel  
And laid the rugged walls of Old Vermont.

Across the hundred years still shines resplendent  
The memory of your noble deeds and great,  
Fair Learning's patron and the wise attendant  
Of the frail fortunes of the infant State.





*“Close by a pond, whose lilies’ faint perfume  
Blends with the music of its overflow.”*

So long as winds shall ripple Champlain's waters  
And Adirondack's sunset banners flame,  
From college halls your loyal sons and daughters  
Glad song shall raise in honor of your name.

## THE SERENADE

A down his darkening reaches, kindling far  
On lone west windows coronals of flame,  
Bright Phœbus guides to rest his golden car  
And leaves the day a memory and a name.

Toil's jarring notes are hushed, and as the stars  
Announce the twilight near, from woodland ways,  
From roadsides sweet with bloom and pasture bars,  
Earth's creatures swell the vesper hymn of praise.

A wanderer lost amid this twilight world,  
To Care a captive and to Doubt a prey,  
I seek the peace of night, as, slow unfurled,  
Her sable mantle darkens o'er the day.

A dusty roadway, glimmering through the gloom  
Of this calm evening, leads me, ere I know,  
Close by a pond, whose lilies' faint perfume  
Blends with the music of its overflow.

'Neath fringing alders whose lithe branches stir  
In dreamy nocturnes, o'er the watery place,  
The bull-frog old, a burdened chorister,  
Rasps out the long-drawn minor of his bass.

A 'cellist of no mean pretensions, he  
With one deep note the varied strain begins,  
While grass-hid crickets swell the minstrelsy  
With the shrill octaves of their violins.

Unmindful of the leader's cue, afar  
    'Mid darkling thickets, shy erstwhile and mute,  
A lone wood-warbler ventures now a bar,  
    Fugue-like, with the soft music of his flute.

And through the lengthening distance, as the moon  
    Slow sinks adown the west, from denser shade,  
The guardian night-owl sounds his weird bassoon,  
    The last, low echo of the serenade.

### THE SUN DIAL

*"Horas non numero nisi serenas"*

By the fringing green of the garden close,  
Upraised to the dawn's first coy embrace  
And the shafts of noon, till the sunset throws  
A softened light o'er the granite face;  
Through the summer heats, if the sky be bright,  
Alike when winter's keen blasts draw nigh,  
While its shadow circles its course of light,  
It seems to say to each passerby:  
"Let others take note of the storms and showers,  
*I count only the sunny hours.*"

Slowly, how slowly in youth's glad prime,  
It marks the moments of task and play,  
When a crowded year of the after-time  
Seems gathered and lost in a summer's day!  
Then the slow-winged hours bring naught but joy,  
And the morrows like angels, beckoning stand,  
Waiting to usher the girl and boy  
Still farther into the Promised Land.  
Ah! when hope blooms, like the springtime flowers,  
How easy to count but the sunny hours!

But Age must garner where Youth has strown—  
How else is the spirit made strong to bear  
Old hopes deferred and old pleasures flown,  
The gloom of grief and the cark of care?  
For God in His mercy has willed, through all  
Earth's loss and change, one thing stand sure:  
Though His sunshine gleam or His shadows fall,  
His care and love shall still endure;  
Alike when the tempest the rose deflowers  
Or peace and joy rule the sunny hours.

Lives speak more clearly than voiceless stone,  
And a fragrant memory comes down the years  
Of one who made all bright days her own,  
In spite of the sorrow and hidden tears.  
God's sunshine she gathered to scatter 'round,  
Through loss upborne, as by hands unseen,  
Till earth's last ray on the dial found  
Her spirit calm and the sky serene.  
God send us grace, 'mid life's storms and showers  
Like her, to count only the sunny hours!

## MAY

Child of the autumn seed-time and soft April showers,  
With many a low-voiced tune,  
Thou down far paths, thronged with sun-opened flowers,  
Lead'st on to cloudless June.

The sun, thine almoner and chief magician,  
Like Lydia's king of old,  
Smites the bare sward and, changed to fields Elysian,  
It shines with hoarded gold

Of sunny dandelions, with violets azure,  
While from cool green looks up—  
Pale guardian of his fountain's crimson treasure—  
The blood-root's ivory cup.

Thou comest, Princess May; thy court receive thee  
With praise and homage meet,  
With shout and psalm, and there is naught to grieve thee,  
No thorns to pierce thy feet.

The amorous wind plays with thy shining tresses,  
And thy low laughter rings;  
The phœbe's song makes glad lone wildernesses,  
The torrent swells and sings.

And on his summer embassy, the swallow,  
Post-haste from southern lands,  
Speaks quarters for his feathered friends to follow,  
And his own dwelling plans.

Yet, loving still, we know that we must lose thee,  
And long though we implore,  
The ardent summer, hastening northward, woos thee,  
And thou art ours no more.

O, all hope fondly dreams, the heart aspires  
In life's too fleeting May,  
Say not these fade in summer's chastening fires  
And with it pass away—

The good remains, 'tis outer semblance changes;  
Heaven-summoned from the sod  
Of earthly ill, though through strange forms it ranges,  
It shares the life of God.



## VACATIONING AT HARVARD

A master who, from cares of school  
Once solace sought—and models  
For drilling best, by rote or rule,  
French into youthful noddles,

Athirst for Learning's sacred stream  
(H<sub>2</sub>O oft 'tis writ), he,  
With bulging purse and face abeam,  
Set out for Cambridge city.

'Twas here an ancient pedagogue,  
More blessed with room than scholars,  
Who, having now no rogues to flog,  
Killed time with hard-earned dollars,

Took in our traveler, worn and thin,  
To all his wants attended—  
And often was he "taken in",  
Ere his vacation ended.

"Fair Harvard" runs that famous air,  
Oft sung by students merry;  
He saw 'twas true, but quite unfair  
He found the Secretary.

And loud and long, with reasons strong,  
He strove his will to sever,  
But to sound views of right and wrong,  
Found Love\* as blind as ever.

So to offset the extra fee,  
Twice paid, but not refunded,  
"I'll study twice as hard," quoth he,  
"Or go—the way my 'mon' did."

---

\*Prof. James L. Love, formerly director of the Harvard Summer School.

But who, however strong of will,  
    To Harvard shades kept ever  
Unbroken troth, when Beacon Hill  
    Keeps beckoning 'cross the river?

And so our friend full soon eschewed  
    Fair Cambridge as too rural,  
And thrice a week a course pursued  
    Unfeignedly extra-mural.

He shopped at Raymond's, lunched at Joe's,  
    Hobnobbed with every faker  
That dealt in text-books or old clothes,  
    From Cornhill to Jamaica.

He went canoeing on the Charles,  
    "    In the swim," with two rich women,  
But, getting worsted in some snarls,  
    Found water best to swim in.

A bathing suit he bought at last,  
    And on the beach while sunning,  
He found, as claimed, the colors "fast",  
    For they were all a-running.

Thus sped the summer days along,  
    Now work, now pastime filling  
The fleeting hours; at eve a song,  
    Day's cares to peace distilling;

Till to Love's realm, with honeyed speech,  
    His bargain-hunt he carried,  
And, finding one within his reach,  
    He seized it—and got married.

## TO THE SOLDIER STUDENTS

(Spanish-American War)

Staunch, young crusaders of our later day,  
Like those rapt hearts of old, whose sacred sail  
Was set to catch the eastward-blowing gale,  
For far-off Tyre bound, though o'er their way  
The storm's winds raged; as brave, as true as they,  
You went at duty's call the Holy Grail  
Of human justice from th' unhallowed pale  
Of Spanish wrong to snatch. Let sages say  
That through your valorous deeds shall not abound,  
In God's good time, through all that southern isle  
The feet of busy traffic and the sound  
Of joyous life, where death did reign erstwhile,  
Till Hope's fair seed, long crushed, shall germinate  
And bear the future age a sovereign State.

## THE "SHUT INS"

It is not always they who toil for pay  
In life's broad field, or fame's prized meed to gain,  
Who labor with the sweat of hand or brain,  
That bear at last the brightest sheaves away—  
But they ofttimes to whom each passing day  
Brings but again the burden of dull pain;  
Who gladly suffer, if so not in vain  
Some loved one's breast they armor for the fray.

To anxious watchers by the summer seas  
The waves bring hope; the lilies fair of face,  
That neither toil nor spin, the embassies  
And envoys are of His abounding grace,  
Whom they best serve who burn through darkest ways  
The incense of unselfish love and praise.

## SEHNSUCHT

Today I wandered to the trysting-place  
The pines' aroma filled the woodland way,  
And memory shed o'er it a sweet grace—  
But she I met there once was far away.

The autumn splendor lay o'er all the land,  
A beauty than the summer's wealth more fair;  
The evening breeze my burning temples fanned,  
That waved of yore the tresses of her hair.

Once more I sat beneath the oak tree's shade,  
Our resting-place when daily toil was o'er;  
A squirrel at its base still chirped and played,  
But her sweet voice, alas, I heard no more.

And from a neighboring pine the hurrying years  
Her loved initials, carved with heart aflame,  
Had long erased, and all that love endears  
Seemed but the echo of that vanished name.

Content she is; so should I be content,  
Though in my heart the old love lingers yet,  
Like violets' breath in winter's swift descent,  
And, though remembrance pains, would not forget.

## NACHGEFÜHL

From the German of Goethe

When the vine once more is growing,  
When from vats the wine is taken  
And the rose again is blowing,  
I know not what troubles me—  
Tears adown my cheeks are thronging

If aught done is, or forsaken,  
And a vague, unwhispered longing  
Thrills with its intensity.  
Then at length I needs must reason,  
When from day-dreams I awaken,  
'Twas in such a beauteous season  
Doris once did blush for me.

### OCTOBER IN NEW ENGLAND

No more the woods resound with cuckoo cries,  
The sun peers slantwise from the hazy sky,  
With crimsoned brush the aerial artist plies  
His silent magicry.

The wind, the unseen harper, stirs the sward's  
Brown waste to song, and yellowing orchard rows  
Bend to the music of his elfin chords  
And faint arpeggios.

Down bosky slopes, where Summer pomp and state,  
Like some fair princess kept, the dozing stream,  
Her minstrel old, shrunk and disconsolate,  
His lay crones all adream.

And deep within the wood's dim confines where  
The flaming maple, autumn's prodigal,  
Lights up the gloom, faint leaf sounds on the air,  
Like fairy voices fall.

Thus, like the visit of some well-loved guest,  
Too short to satisfy, too sweet to stay,  
A slave, alas! at Winter's grim behest,  
The Autumn glides away.

## AUTUMN PASTELS

### I

'Neath forest spire and minaret,  
Where summer's green has changed to gold,  
The pensive phœbe lingers yet,  
Telling her name, as then she told;  
While snugly in his coat of fur,  
Gathering his store from shell and burr,  
The squirrel sits, philosopher  
Of winter's coming cold.

### II

Below, the shifting tapestries  
Of sun and shadow interlace,  
New patterned by each vagrant breeze,  
Which, with its softened harmonies,  
Lulls like a fond embrace.  
Low murmuring, creeps the brook along  
Its reedy way, where once a throng  
Of painted courtiers, fair and strong,  
Jostled to find a place.

### III

Softly through the hazy distance  
Drowsy autumn yields,  
Bleat the sheep with mild insistence  
O'er the serried fields;  
Bursts of sunshine, chased by shadow,  
Light the afternoon;  
Lightly blown o'er vale and meadow,  
Breathes the air of June.

## *Envoi*

Why regret that summer's sweetness,  
Dear, should you and I,  
With the autumn's rich completeness  
Buried soon shall lie!  
Joys there are than summer's nearer,  
Promises than autumn's dearer,  
When through all life's light shines clearer—  
Love shall never die!

## THE GREEN AND THE GOLD

They were climbing the "Hill" from the ball game one  
day,  
When the sun was aglow in the west,  
And the clouds gathered 'round it in dazzling array,  
As slowly it sank to its rest.

He carried a banner of golden and green,  
Proud victor in many a fight;  
While she, as he gaily waved it between,  
Exclaimed, as it first caught her sight:

"Our fair college banner; what forms, tell me, pray,  
Of its colors are dearest to you?  
I love them the best in the green of the May,  
And the gold of that far sunset view."

"You'll pardon my prosaic tastes," he returned,  
As his wallet he ruefully fingered,  
And saw, looking back, that the crowd at their side  
For ice cream and sodas had lingered;

"The sunset and springtime are lovely, I know,  
But our colors are dearest to me,  
When they shine in a ten-dollar eagle, or so,  
Or the bewitching green of a V."

## THE SKATE HOMEWARD

Ho! to the ice. Far the winter lake glistens  
In its armor, frost-forged, where the westering sun  
Low slants its mild radiance and tenderly christens  
With baptismal flame what the ice-god has done.  
Hark! Borne on the breeze from those far-shining levels,  
Now full-toned, now dying, in joyous appeal,  
Crisp and clear 'mid the din of the skaters' glad revels,  
Comes the echoing chime of the scintillant steel.

Let Care do her worst; in his cell old and musty,  
Let Learning still pore o'er the worm-eaten tome—  
A truce now to both, as on wings fleet and trusty,  
A steel-shodden Hermes, I fly away home.  
For milestones rise round me the rock-towered highlands,  
Whose feet the waves kissed the long summer days  
through;  
Ahead, cold and still, lie the winter-bound islands,  
Summer's green changed to whiteness, to hoar-frost  
its dew.

Behind me, the city, its roof and its towers,  
Like a white-tented army, asleep in the sun,  
Enamored of toil through the care-laden hours,  
With never a thought of the peace I have won.  
To the west, as I glide, a far, broken horizon,  
Th' Adirondacks repose in their long winter sleep,  
The green of their pines white with snow, that now lies on  
Vale, forest and tillage-land, silent and deep.

Fast pulses the blood at the sting of the north wind;  
In sonorous cadence the steel answers back  
To the far-echoing peals from the ice-anvil forth dinned,  
That clamorously follow my glimmering track.





*“The green of their pines white with snow, that now lies on  
Vale, forest and tillage-land, silent and deep.”*



On, on, never staying; the sun's parting glances  
Fall slant o'er the ice-floor in cascades of light,  
In crimson-hued glory the cloud host advances,  
The evening star shines, the far outpost of night.

The long night draws on, and as day's dying splendor  
Slow fades on the mountains, its voices of calm  
The evening wind wafts, and in tones low and tender,  
Breathes o'er weary nature its healing and balm.  
O'er my head gleam the stars, and the lake's quiet mirror,  
Palely bright, tells them back to the o'erspreading  
dome,  
While, like stars in the distance, each stroke brings me  
nearer  
The welcoming lights of the haven—and home.

### AUTUMN WOODS

Blithe October, rich and brown,  
Cast his spell upon the woods,  
And the trees put on red hoods  
And the nuts came rattling down.

Chirped the chipmunk to its fellow,  
Hummed late-faring bees,  
As the autumn, rich and mellow,  
Clothed in crimson, bronze and yellow,  
Filled with restful ease,  
Sent its long, enraptured straining  
Down its aisles among,  
While my heart, in glad refraining,  
Echoed to the song it sung.

“Why are we unhappy, mortals,  
On this earth below,

When the wood swings wide its portals  
And we all may go;  
For the rich content it brings  
Is beyond the reach of kings."

## A SONG OF HOME

A tale of the Orient you ask, but in vain—  
Memory, pointing her finger  
Back to one lovéd spot as the theme of the strain,  
Bids me be the singer.

'Tis a tree-shaded grange on a southerly hill  
In the midst of fair acres,  
Where the warm airs of noontide with drowsy notes thrill  
And the zoned bees, like Quakers

Drab-vestured and dusty, in many a bloom,  
Fair as love's own fulfillment,  
Find the fragrance of morn and the evening's perfume  
In their richest distillment.

How wondrously over those mountains afar,  
Green with Nature's adorning,  
The glad sun arose as the last paling star  
Melted into the morning!

How gladly the robin with jubilant tune  
Spring's overture voicing,  
We heard, and the bobolink welcoming June  
With his lyric rejoicing!

How sweet 'twas to watch the cool evening invade  
Day's hot realm, with its shadows,  
And to list to the night-songsters' far serenade  
Float across the dim meadows!

Though Nature these joys with each summer shall share,  
What can still the heart's yearning  
For the fond love that hallowed youth's happy days there,  
Long since gone, past returning?

O home, dearer yet, as now, severed and lone,  
I bow at strange altars,  
I think of thy homage that once was my own,  
And the saddened voice falters.

Thus, still, though I sail many a billowy main,  
Memory, pointing her finger  
Back to one loved spot as the theme of the strain,  
Bids me be the singer!

#### TO AN OLD VOLUME OF "THE KNICKER- BOCKER"

Quaint heirloom from a grandsire's store,  
Well-stocked with early prose and rhyme,  
How charmingly thy tales restore  
The manners of old time,

When proudly 'mong its sisterhood  
The young State set its infant seal,  
Ere swaddling-clothes of tow and wood  
Were changed to coat of steel;

When Independence, peace-crowned, reared  
The starry guerdon of her strife,  
And Freedom's spirit, crushed and seared,  
Throbbled with a nation's life;

'Twas then from rural Tarrytown,  
From Sunnyside's tree-shaded pile  
The first beams of thy muse shone down  
To cheer Manhattan's isle.

His genius still, whose pen did trace  
Granada's many-chambered stone  
And chronicle with deathless grace  
The life of Washington.

Lights up thy pages, worn and thin,  
With many a curious legend writ,  
Like precious stones preserved within  
The amber of his wit.

And fragrantly, as wind that teems  
With far-blown scents of pine and fir;  
Still breathe across thy page the dreams  
Of Edgewood's "Bachelor."

Thy modern kinsmen well may boast  
Their wealth of science more than thine:  
With gems of lore from many a coast  
Their pictured pages shine.

But yet to us, whose varying ways  
A common birthright closer blends,  
Echo thy long-forgotten lays  
Like voices of old friends.

That old-time music steals across  
Our hurrying age of greed and gain,  
And cleanses from its moldering dross  
The gold of youth again.

And, though to unpretentious themes  
Thy lyre was strung, its echo still  
Rebukes our empire-haunted dreams,  
Our hostages to ill.

God uses all; the breeze that thrills  
    Toil's heated brow with coolness sweet,  
No less He sends than wind that fills  
    The sails of Traffic's fleet.

And so may we, in humble guise  
    Of earth's wayfarers, be content,  
If to some good our life supplies  
    The needed instrument.

### TO MERCURY

*Q. Horatii Flacci Carminum, Liber 1, Ode X*

O Mercury, Atlas' shrewd grandson, thou  
Who didst the minds of early men endow  
With speech, their muscles nicely trained to grow  
    By arts athletic;

Of thee I sing, who runst at Jove's desire,  
The gods' swift herald, parent of the lyre,  
Alert to hide whate'er thou dost admire  
    In sportive thieving.

Thus, when one day Apollo frightened thee  
With threatening voice his herds to pay in fee,  
By thee purloined, still did he laugh to see  
    His quiver missing.

And how fled Priam by thy guiding hand,  
Compelled, though rich, to leave the Ilian land,  
Th' Atridae proud, Greek fires and hostile band,  
    Troy's foes, eluding.

Thou, too, on pious souls dost rest bestow,  
In blissful seats, and driv'st the shadowy row  
With golden wand—to gods above, below,  
    Alike well pleasing.

## TO GRENVILLE DEAN WILSON

(On standing by his grave at Nyack-on-the-Hudson, N. Y.)

The instrument lies here; by what far springs  
The player tarries at whose touch of old  
The haunted muse of Nyack's wood and wold  
Woke to new beauty from the dreaming strings  
We know not; yet, loved master, he who brings  
To common lives, as thou, the joy untold  
That sings at Nature's heart, needs naught of gold  
To pave his pathway to diviner things.

Now o'er thy grave the browning grasses sway,  
And, as the frolic breeze sweeps o'er the sward,  
Hark! Soft and sweet, a dreamy note of joy—  
Now shrill, and clear, now faint and far away,  
As Pan had touched some old, well-loved chord—  
The limpid trebles of the "Shepherd Boy."

## TO THE DISTANT LOVED ONE

From the German of Goethe

Then is it true that I have lost thee?  
Dearest, hast thou from me flown?  
Still echoes in his ear that crossed thee  
Thine every word, thine every tone.

E'en as the wanderer's gaze at dawning  
In vain to the far ether clings,  
Where, hidden in the blue of morning;  
The sky-lark high above him sings;

So, vainly roves, now lifting, falling,  
My anxious gaze o'er grove and lea.  
'Tis thou my heart's fond voice is calling—  
O, come, beloved, back to me.



## TWO SWEETHEARTS

My friend has a sweetheart, patrician,  
Rich, talented, gay, debonair;  
Her gowns are the latest Parisian,  
And diamonds blaze in her hair.  
Her accomplishments reach to the thirties,  
Her beauty is well-nigh divine,  
Yet his sweetheart withal a sad flirt is:  
I'm glad I can't say that of mine!

And oft from such visions of splendor  
My thoughts wander off to the hills  
Where she dwells whose love, true and tender,  
My heart with mad ecstasy fills;  
No diamonds deck her fair tresses—  
(One has gleamed on her finger since May)  
She wears but the plainest of dresses,  
And works for a dollar a day!

## THE SWIM HOMEWARD

See the foam argosies, gracefully gliding,  
Sail the blue ocean exultant and free;  
Hark to the roar of the far breakers riding  
The measureless might of the surge of the sea.  
Old Neptune is calling, "Come hither, come hither";  
The sea, the gay siren, has sung to me long,  
The wave sparkles bright and I long to be with her,  
And lose all my care in the spell of her song.

A leap and a plunge and her cooling caresses  
Enfold me and hold me in buoyant embrace,  
And I catch the bright gleam of her sibilant tresses,  
Emerald-white as they curl in the swift shoreward race.  
Now rising, now falling, the pipes of the ocean,  
Wind-blown, in my ear peal their endless refrain,

As, buffeted, tossed by the waves' wild commotion,  
My pathway I thread through the far-heaving main.

How the waves rise and fall again, hill chasing hollow,  
How their crests toss and gleam as they turn to the sun,  
While o'er the blue floor of the ocean they follow  
Their mates in their courses, unendingly run.  
Now I breast the strong tide, now I float as I tarry  
While huge water-mountains rush o'er me amain;  
I dive and I thrust and I feint and I parry,  
Am worsted, revive and my vantage regain.

But sweeter the goal when the way is the hardest.  
Tides change, and soon favoring breezes must blow,  
And, sea that my course through thy realm now retardest,  
Ere long shalt a kindlier indulgence bestow.  
The strait narrows down and soon, fitfully dreaming,  
Calmer waters appear, while ahead o'er the foam  
Of the far shoreward breakers lie, peacefully gleaming,  
The silvery beaches that welcome me home.

### SONNET

E'en as the waves that on yon river's breast  
Now gleam, now darkle 'neath the twilight sky,  
With musical, soft voices gliding by  
To the unfathomed ocean's dreamless rest,  
Wist not that, prompt, as at a god's behest,  
Leagues eastward, coursing irresistibly,  
The tide wave gathers, rushing full and free  
To meet them, ere as the tired guest  
Of Ocean they find haven; we who fare  
Uncertain ripples down Time's sunflecked stream,  
No more may know what currents from the vast,  
Unmeasured future other lives shall bear  
To blend with ours, nor to our fondest dream  
What flood-tide shall fulfillment bring at last.





*“An’ every blessed man of them, as they come up behind  
Pounced down upon that football chap, an’ in a very kind  
An’ lovin’ way they held him hugged up tight against the groun’.  
Till in a muffled kind o’ voice they heard him holler ‘Down!’”*

## UNCLE HIRAM ATTENDS A FOOTBALL GAME

“Ye say ye’d like to hear about my trip to Burlington:  
Wall, neighbor, it’ll interest ye, as well as any one  
Who’s never had the chance to travel as I have lately had  
An’ see the sights o’ city life, the good ’long with the bad.  
So jes’ draw up that chair o’ yourn, this way—a little  
nigher,

The wind’s a-howlin’ so tonight it’s pleasanter near the  
fire:—

Ye see my boy, Josiah, as likely a lad I’ll say,  
As ever follered furrer or pitched a load o’ hay,  
Last summer took a notion he’d kind o’ like to know  
More ’bout feedin’ pigs an’ calves an’ how to make stuff  
grow;

Sez he, ‘These Beanville farmers don’t know how to farm  
it much,

’Bout all they raise is cobble-stones an’ polypods an’ such;  
I believe,’ sez he, ‘this Beanville soil with proper cultiva-  
tion,

Could grow buckwheat an’ corn enough to feed most half  
the nation;

They say them ’Speriment Station chaps have now invented  
means

To figger out the proper soil for’t all, from squash to beans,  
An’ when the thing starts up next fall I’m going up to see  
If, with all their skill an’ larnin’, they can drill some into  
me.’

“Wall, ye know that when Si’s mind’s made up, there’s  
nothin’ hardly known

Whereby to make him change his views from what he’s  
set upon,

So one September mornin’ when the frost had turned the  
trees,

An' the corn leaves rustled mournful-like in the coolish  
autumn breeze,  
I harnessed up ole Fan, the mare, and started off with Si,  
While mother stood there with her mouth all puckered up  
to cry;  
'Twas the first time Si had left us to be gone a single night,  
An' Hannah she's soft-hearted and dotes on him a sight.  
We arrived at Beanville station without any accident,  
An' had to wait an hour 'fore the plaguey mail-train went;  
But as fer me, I had to wait to get a harness fixed,  
So I dropped into Simpson's store an' argered politics.  
'Twant long before the train pulled in an' Si he got aboard,  
I shook his hand an' looked at him, but couldn't say a word;  
He took his white silk handkerchief and waved with all  
his might  
Till the engine struck the river bend an' whistled out o'  
sight.

“Wall, the farm seemed kind o' lonesome-like when I  
drove back that day,  
The colts they neighed an' whinnered 'stho their best  
friend'd gone away,  
An' 'bout cow-time, I'd hear the cows a-lowin' ez tho' in  
pain  
To hear no more Si's merry voice a-soundin' down the  
lane.  
An' Hannah, too, was sober-like, but when the Tuesdays  
come  
She'd brighten up surprisingly an' didn't look so glum;  
For every Tuesday I'd hitch up an' drive out for the mail,  
An' every Tuesday there would be a letter, without fail.  
Si wrote about his college chums and what great sport  
they had  
A-rollin' the Sacred Boulder off an' cuttin' up like mad;  
He 'lowed their sports was harmless, an' full as much a  
part

Of a college eddication as is learnin' books by heart;  
'Of course,' sez he, 'we do indulge in such things now an'  
then,  
As cuttin' the professors some, like other college men,  
An' if, as often happens, we don't get a chance to look,  
Owin' to outside engagements, in the inside of a book,  
An' exam-time we get worried, why, all we have to do  
Is to pull the professors' legs real hard, an' we generally  
get through.'

“ ‘Wall, wall,’ sez I to Hannah, ‘if them things don’t beat  
all—  
Them fellers, a-hackin’ professors, like heathen cannibal,  
An’ a-yankin’ of their legs,’ sez I, ‘it’s ruther hard to see  
Just why they let such things go on at a University.  
I’m afraid Josiah’s gettin’ wild if he’s in with them rings,  
I’ll set right down an’ tell him what I think about such  
things’;  
So I took my good old goose-quill pen and in an angry  
strain  
I wrote at length jes’ how I felt, an’ wrote it pretty plain;  
I took an extra trip that night to take that letter out,  
An’ all the nex’ day an’ the nex’ ’twas all I thought about.

“Wall, days turned into weeks an’ still we heard no word  
from Si,  
Till it must have been at least two good months had gone  
by,  
When one day Neighbor Whitcomb’s man drove up into  
our yard  
An’ handed out, with other mail, a single postal card.  
‘The writin’s Si’s,’ said Hannah quick, ‘what can the matter  
be?  
Why he should write a card to *us*, so short, too, I don’t see.’  
‘That’s what we’ll soon find out,’ sez I, an’ we began to  
read:

‘Dear Parents: I received your note an’ have been givin’  
heed

To what you said, an’ will explain just what my letter  
meant

When I come home, but until then you’ll have to be content.  
Say, dad, come down next Saturday, and jes’ as like as not  
You’ll see us chase a pig-skin ’round a half an acre lot.’

‘A pig-skin! wall, I swann!’ sez I, ‘but let me think a  
minute;

I see, I see, it’s jes’ his way, of course, the *pig’ll* be in it.  
It’s some new-fangled college game them fellers have in-  
vented,

It’s strange with all their studies they can’t never be con-  
tented.

Nex’ Saturday is it?’ thought I, ‘I’d kind o’ like to go,  
It’s years now since I’ve been away, ’cept to a one-hoss  
show;

For jes’ this once it won’t be wrong to humor my desire,  
I’ll be at that pig-chasin’ game an’ visit my Josiah.’

“Wall, Hannah thought ’tw’ant hardly safe, when I told  
my plan to her,

Sez she, ‘Them fellers ’ll use ye up so ye can’t hardly stir;  
A man hard on to seventy, with rheumatics, can’t hold out  
A great while in such doin’s as Josiah wrote about.’

‘Wall, Si’ll look out fer that,’ sez I, ‘an’ we’ll kind o’ let  
’em see

What Beanville pluck an’ muscle is, if they try them shines  
on me.’

So I got up nex’ Saturday an’ dressed up good, but plain,  
To drive out to the station to take the airy train.

“It beats Ole Nick how pesky fast them railroad trains do  
run,

’Twas uphill, too, quite steep sometimes, but it rattled on  
like fun,



It' queerer, too, what contrairy views some people do possess;

I heard one say, 'To think, sez he, 'this Cannon-Ball Express

Has now begun to carry mail, an' at such a snail-pace rate  
That if it ever does arrive, the news'll be out of date.'

But the engine snorted right ahead, an' long 'bout noon,  
I guess,

A man came in, all fixed up fine in an army soldier's dress;  
He was a puny-lookin' chap, round-shouldered, lank and lean,

As poor a stick o' mortal man, I vum, 's I'd even seen.

'There's consumption in *his* family,' sez I, 'it's jes' as plain  
as day,'

An' no sooner had I spoke when, in a very healthy way,  
I heard that feller holler, 'Essex Junction, all change cars,'  
In a voice that must have echoed way up among the stars.

"'Wall,' sez I, 'things are onsartin, an' I seized my old  
gripsack

An' umbrell an' started to get out before the pack;  
But, Lord! that pesky railroad train kept switchin' out an'  
in,

Till I clean lost all my bearin's an' felt home-sick as sin;  
Every railroad in our good old State was present, I should  
say,

An' they run across each other in a mos' perplexin' way.

But finally the engine, after spendin' steam enough  
To take us back to Beanville, with a satisfied sort o' puff,  
Pulled into a tall building, bigger'n any barn in town,  
An' I tell ye it seemed good once more to step on solid  
groun'.

Wall, I asked the new conductor 'bout the train fer Burlington,

An' in a grouty sort o' way he pinte'd out the one.

I took my traps an' got aboard, when all at once, I vum,

That plaguey engine started out the same way we had come.  
'Hold on,' sez I, a-gettin' up, as the conductor come along—  
I was growin' ruther wrathy, for I thought he'd told me  
wrong—

'This ain't the train I want,' sez I, 'it's goin' right straight  
back;

Why didn't you kindly tell me this wasn't the right track?  
I'll teach you,' sez I, a-grabbin' my umbrell, 'a different  
tune,'

An' I prodded that conductor till he hollered like a loon.  
But some fellers dressed in soldiers' clothes come up jes'  
then behind,

An' in no gentle manner they made me change my mind.  
They talked the matter pretty plain an' hinted some to boot  
That 'less I quit I'd prob'ly have a chance to go afoot.  
I humbly begged their pardon, when I realized what I'd  
done

An' see the train was runnin' straight an' swift fer Bur-  
lington;

They excepted my apology, an' in a friendly way  
Said lots of folks got puzzled up like that mos' every day.

Wall, finally after passin' through a tunnel dark as night,  
The engine whistled loud and long an' the big lake was in  
sight.

Si, he met me at the depot, but to my great surprise,  
He looked so changed an' different I could hardly believe  
my eyes;

His hair was long's an Injun's an', besides, he wore instead  
Of the all-wool suit I bought him, a light one, stained with  
red,

An' he had a big green sweater tucked up close around his  
head.

He was mighty glad to see me an' in his hearty way  
He shook my hand and told me, 'We'll have some fun today  
That's better'n diggin' taters, an' I'm awful glad you came

To see us lick the Sophs an' win the annual football game.  
I'll leave you at the Hash House to get a bite to eat  
An' as I'm in a hurry, havin' shortly got to meet  
The team out on the campus to try a play or two,  
I won't stop now, but come right out as soon as ye get  
through.'

Wall, there wan't much time fer talkin', an' Si led me to  
a car

A-standin' near the depot—the queerest thing by far  
I'd ever seen. In mos' respects 'twas like a common one,  
Except the thing to draw it with, an' how in time it run  
Clear up the hill, I couldn't see—all loaded to the brim.  
(But I didn't say a word to Si—I wouldn't seem green to  
*him.*)

Wall, we got aboard an' as the thing went bobbin' up the  
hill

It sounded like the planer down in Peleg Jackson's mill;  
An' all that done the business, as a feller near me said,  
Was that sort o' fishpole dingus I could see up overhead.

After dinner at the Hash House—an' a square one was  
the same—

I started out across the field to that pig-chasin' game.  
I found the crowd had got there, an' they kept a-comin',  
too,

Till I had to use my umbrell good to work my passage  
through;

'Twas some as 'tis on circus day, an' some as on the Fourth,  
'Cept that a bitin' wintry wind was blowin' from the north;  
But the fellers laughed an' hollered and seemed to think  
'twas fun

To walk aroun' an' talk an' yell afore the game begun.  
Bimeby I heard a mighty shout and I looked up to see,  
An' saw two heavy wagons full of femininity,  
An' all eight wheels a-decked so fine ye couldn't see the  
spokes,

An' up above, a-yellin' too, was a lot o' women folks;  
'Twas the *co-eds*, so a feller said, a-standin' next to me,  
An' when I went to axe him jest what that might be,  
He grinned an' said they was the girls that lived down  
to Hay Hill,  
But why they go by such a name, I'm jest as ignorant still.

Wall, 'long 'bout two it must have been, I heard another  
noise,  
An' lookin' toward the big brick house, I see a crowd o'  
boys,  
Dressed up in jest such sort o' clothes as Si had on that  
noon,  
A-runnin' down an yellin' like all possessed, an' soon  
Another lot dressed jest the same, a-hollerin' good an' loud,  
Come dashin' down, an' soon I see that Si was in that  
crowd.

A mighty queerish-lookin' ball he carried by his side,  
An' I asked a feller what it was: 'The pigskin,' he replied.  
I'd like to own a hog, sez I, that grew a hide like that;  
He'd be a fortune to a man when he got big an' fat.

But while my mind was runnin' on to money-makin'  
schemes,  
To growin' footballs fer the trade an' such-like idle dreams,  
Them long-haired chaps had placed themselves like run-  
ners in a race  
An' stood with hands upon their knees, a-lined up face to  
face;  
One lad laid on the ground an' held the pigskin in his hand,  
Then Si got back a rod er two an' then, without command,  
He give that football such a kick that, if the wind'd been  
right,  
It would have carried it, I know, well-nigh clean out o'  
sight.

What follered was astonishin'; them critters run like mad

An' fell upon that ball as though 'twas the dearest friend  
they had;

A bunch of arms an' legs an' feet was all that could be seen,  
With here an' there a head er two a-stickin' out between.  
The ball was found, all safe and sound, at the bottom of  
the pile.

An' how the crowd did laugh an' yell! ye could hear 'em  
half a mile;

But some of 'em looked ruther sore an' sober-like an' glum,  
As though 'twas gettin' kind o' cold an' they wished they  
hadn't come.

Wall, them football chaps lined up again an', after goin'  
through

A sort o' countin' business there wasn't much sense to,  
The ball went back to a burly lad with a rubber on his nose,  
That was to stop its strikin' some other man's, I spose.

An' stars an' garters! Ye should have seen how that there  
chap did run,

He lit out with the ball held tight, an' if he didn't hum;  
With every man on the other side a-speedin' like the wind,  
A-tryin' to catch up with him, but always jes' behind.

Till finally a feller who'd been waitin' fer the chance,  
Run up beside the first one an', as graceful as a dance,  
He grabbed that runner by the legs an' threw him on his  
side,

An' then to keep him quiet, he set himself astride,  
An' every blessed man of them, as they come up behind  
Pounced down upon that football chap, an' in a very kind  
An' lovin' way they held him hugged up tight against the  
groun',

Till in a muffled kind o' voice they heard him holler 'Down!'

Seemed to me a risky business to have a gang o' men  
Pile onto one poor feller, make him bear the weight of ten;

But the crowd, they didn't think so, an' the way they'd  
shout an' yell

Every single time it happened, I hain't words enough to  
tell.

Wall, before the game was finished one poor feller got  
his arm

Snapped short off by bein' piled on, but he took it master  
calm;

They led him to a horspital not far off on a hill,

Which, as a feller kindly told me, had been left them in  
a will,

Purpose to take care o' boys that got hurt in such scrapes,  
As well as all the Freshmen that fell down fire-escapes.

Wall, there wasn't so much shoutin' when the game was  
fairly done—

Each team with a score of twenty-four an' neither side had  
won.

Of course I ain't no judge, but the boys said 'twas as fine  
A piece o' football as was ever played inside the line;

An' Captain Josiah Wintergreen was as proud of that  
there game

As a rooster with his maiden spurs—an' his father some  
the same.

Wall, neighbor, it's gettin' ruther late, an' it's snowin' hard  
as well,

An' ye've got quite a walk ahead, so I won't stop to tell  
About my trip to Converse Hall an' all the things I see

There, at the Station an' the "Mill," but some night when  
ye're free

To hear it, I'll be glad to tell 'bout all the other fun  
An' other scrapes I got into on my trip to Burlington.

## TO THE BOERS AT WAR

What foes are these that war's grim vestment wear,  
These hostile ships that throng the distant bay,  
A land of homes to smite, where each glad day  
Sweet songs of labor filled the balmy air,  
And simple faith welled up in hymn and prayer—  
Like slaves from your loved birthplace scourged away,  
Sons of the Boers, once more ye fall a prey  
To British greed that knows not how to spare.

O England, if from thy great past arise  
No vision of the Right to bar thy hate,  
Think thou a Higher Judge, with veiled eyes  
    Away shall turn till His just wrath abate  
With chastisement; shall justice compromise  
    With wrong, although it wear the robes of state?

## TO A SWEETHEART

(On sending photograph)

Take the picture, dear, I send;  
Would some fairy rite might lend  
A charm to it, a fitness meet  
For thine acceptance; might repeat  
Some spell my unvoiced words to bear  
And pierce the barrier of the air.  
Let Love's wireless telegraphy  
Be messenger 'twixt thee and me,  
For scarce can lifeless characters  
Convey the thoughts thy memory stirs.

Chill December with his drear,  
Wind-sung requiems of the year,  
Saying his mass with mournful chant,  
A gray and storm-tossed celebrant,

He haply deems who ne'er did prove  
The deeper mysteries of love,  
Strange month to set the heart in tune  
To music born 'neath skies of June.

But we know, dear, Love's arrow flies  
As straight and true 'neath wintry skies  
As when the summer's sunbeams bright  
Tip his quivering shaft with light,  
And every crescent moon doth see  
New victims of his archery.

So send I this, but not to lend  
An ill-turned shaft his bow to bend;  
Rather—full selfishly 'twas done—  
As hostage for a fairer one,  
Happy if the likeness be  
Bringer of some joy to thee;  
Happy if it shall but prove  
Slight memorial of my love.

### SONNET

What clever schemes doth Nature oft devise  
To find a place for every child of hers;  
What wondrous shapes she gives her followers,  
Ingenious parent, kind and mother-wise?  
Thus mused I, strolling, when before my eyes,  
A burdock bush, unheeding my demurs,  
Bestowed on me its entire crop of burrs—  
A gift whose purpose I could scarce despise.

And so with us, perchance, 'twas better far  
To count the thousand cares and ills that twine  
Round every life some fair and good design  
That aims to make us better than we are;  
For every flower that sorrow bids to bloom  
Shall fill our lives with sweetness and perfume.



## CLASS POEM

(Read at the Commencement Exercises, University of  
Vermont, June, 1899)

In every soul, those quivering chords are stored  
That needs must find a keynote. Happy he  
Who strikes it right, since scarce eternity  
Can ever change it; for, as always toward  
Its keynote, when from organ-pipes is poured  
The many-voicéd, swelling harmony,  
The music hastens, till, full, strong and free,  
Bursts the glad triumph of the tonic chord—  
So, though life's music have a minor strain  
And cadences that sorrow sets in tune,  
We know that still its last, farewell refrain  
In bleak December, bears the touch of June;  
For from youth's hope and ideals ever springs  
The magic note that tunes the conscious strings.

Let us then pitch life's keynote pure and high  
For Truth and for mankind's impaired estate;  
About our feet the world's thronged purlieus lie,  
Suffering and needy, and the hour is late.  
For other shrines hath Truth, and scattered far  
From these, her best-loved haunts, in common-place  
And humble walks her loyal vassals are,  
The poor and toil-worn court her kindly grace;  
The world is hers and 'mid its sorest need,  
He most shall serve his Maker and mankind  
Who from the moldering heaps of cant and creed  
And lifeless dogma living truth shall find,  
And make, where thick the gloom is and men yearn  
For purer light, her quenchless watch-fires burn.

May it be ours, still, though rough the ways  
The path of duty leads and faint the star

Of hope to light us through the darker days,  
Content to find where life's down-trodden are,  
The heavy-burdened, whom to help and stay  
Shall guerdon be, more prized than those of yore  
Embattled knights from fields of conquest bore.  
Who tries his armor in the present fray  
Must have it steeled with truth and not with might  
Untouched by justice, for the common weal  
Demands for freedom and defense of right  
Conviction's arrow more than clashing steel—  
And he who rides with calm, unfearing face  
The battle half hath won, and half the race.

And thou, loved Alma Mater, ever kind,  
Truth's fair abode, affection's shrine thou art;  
'Twas naught save learning's gifts we came to find,  
The head to train, but thou hath touched the heart.  
And, long as turns to youth's most beauteous time  
Memory's fond glance, the past in fresh array  
Shall rise before us, bright as yesterday—  
These scenes, these faces, the responsive chime  
Of fond-remembered voices; through the trees  
Faint glints of flickering sunshine, old farewells,  
Old hand-clasps still in ours, on the breeze  
The mellow tolling of the evening bells—  
All, all is over: may the finished page  
Hold naught to mar our glorious heritage.

## THE BELOVED'S NEARNESS

From the German of Goethe

I think of thee, when bright the sunlight's shimmer  
From ocean streams;

I think of thee, when faint the moon's pale glimmer  
On billows beams.

I see thee, when down o'er far roads, like soot, weigh  
The dim dust-clouds,

When the lone wanderer on the narrow footway  
The deep night shrouds.

I hear thee, when afar, with muffled thunder,  
The surf rolls high;

From the still, accustomed bower, whereunder  
I listening lie.

I am with thee—so far art thou removéd,  
Still art thou near.

The sun sinks, and the stars shine, O belovéd.  
Would thou wert here!

## THE NEW YEAR

I know not what the year may bring  
Of joy or sadness, health or pain,  
Nor with what minor chords shall ring  
Its glad crescendo strain.

Nor do I know what tedious ways  
Of humble toil my feet must press;  
Still mine shall be a song of praise,  
My hymn of thankfulness.

Content since He, whose sovereign will  
The rolling centuries obey,

Still reigns, and of life's seeming ill  
The good doth make alway.

The broken joys, the sundered ties,  
The cherished hopes unsatisfied—  
'Neath all His higher purpose lies,  
His love doth sure abide.

So this new year, a gem impearled  
On time's vast circle, still may be prove  
More fully to a war-scarred world  
His never-changing love.

### CRADLE SONG

Bye, baby, bye low; soft be thy slumber,  
All the world 'round thee so peacefully lies;  
Like far-distant watch-fires the stars without number  
Twinkle and gleam o'er thy sleep-closed eyes.

Down in the grasses chirps the young katydid,  
Fireflies their lanterns are setting aglow,  
Deep in the flower-cups quaint little elves are hid,  
Soft sing the breezes that over thee blow.

Skiping and dancing adown the bright moonbeams  
Gay little sprites come with silvery horns,  
Blowing upon thee from Fairyland sweet streams  
Of music like that of its rose-tinted morns.

So, little sleeper, dream on till the morrow's  
First golden sunbeams over thee creep;  
Naught to thee now are its joys or its sorrows,  
Wrapped in the dew-covered mantle of sleep.

## SUMMER RAIN

### *In the city*

Who shall tell the story how the summer rain comes down,  
With its draughts of crystal coolness to refresh the parch-  
ing town,  
How its countless marching legions, earthward blown, with  
rhythmic beat,  
From the cloud-battalions forming, fast debouch on square  
and street,  
While the lightning's lurid flashes and the thunder's can-  
nonade  
Tell of heaven's rear-guard action as its watery hosts  
invade.  
How their soft and gentle voices shame the turmoil and the  
din,  
As when old, remembered music folds life's jarring dis-  
cords in,  
Till harsh Traffic's diapason in the city's rapt refrain  
Softens to the low susurrus of the patter of the rain.

Over hut and palace falling, from Trade's airy pinnacles  
To the slums' remotest purlieus the refreshing torrent  
swells,  
Washes clean street, roof and court-yard, while, to swell  
the cleansing store,  
Fast from leading-pipe and gutter miniature Niagaras  
pour;  
Till the pavements, like old mirrors, newly glazed, reflect  
the day,  
As the flood down the deep canyons, seaward flowing,  
makes its way.  
How it enters brown old churchyards where for centuries  
the deep,  
Echoing tread of passing thousands ne'er has wakened  
them that sleep,

Weeps for death, but lo—where sorrow's withered gar-  
lands long have lain,  
See Hope's living green upspringing at the magic of the  
rain!

*In the country*

At its summons comes the memory of a home I used to  
know,  
Nestling on Vermont's green hillsides in the days of long  
ago,  
Of a boy, who all would venture that dear haven to rewin—  
Out-of-doors, the storm approaching, home and mother's  
love within—  
Glad to leave the sweltering hay-field and the tumult over-  
head  
For a cosy attic window and an author often read;  
How erelong the first drops falling, with a "pat-pat" on  
the roof's  
Sloping pavement, slow, then faster, seemed the tread of  
elfin hoofs,  
Till they came like some vast army in a multiplied tattoo,  
As Heav'n's deep cloud-cisterns opened and the flood came  
sifting through,  
Till, closed veiled by watery curtains, hill and valley, grove  
and plain,  
Sank from view and the old farm-house stood, an island  
in the rain.

And the boyish fancy pictured how the meadow, hill and  
wood,  
Parched by July's burning sunshine, fast drank of the  
pouring flood,  
How it bent the tender grasses and the flower-cups over-  
flowed,

Till the earth, drenched and repleted, shook it off by creek  
and road;  
How its sudden gusts surprising waving fields of oats and  
wheat,  
Bent to earth their lusty legions, leaving them in rout  
complete;  
How it sprayed the apple orchard, washed the highways  
and, in full,  
Wrought on upland, field and forest its refreshing miracle,  
Till the dark pines ceased their sighing and the willows  
to complain  
To receive bright coats of silver, newly minted by the rain.

Soon across the soaking meadows, set with many a grassy  
pond,  
Came the mad brook's sullen thunder from the misty vale  
beyond—  
A young Hercules imprisoned, laboring from his age-worn  
groove  
Swiftly to the brimming river its vast tribute to remove;  
Dashing, plunging, seething, roaring, like a giant 'neath  
the goad  
Of the rainstorm which each moment adds fresh burdens  
to its load;  
Swirling past huge rocks, and others shouldering from its  
downward way,  
Like a hurried sculptor, moulding strange forms from its  
beds of clay,  
Till, its rage spent, where the lowlands wait to check its  
mad advance,  
Its dark waters swirl and broaden to a new lake's calm  
expanse,  
Till the setting sun's mild radiance floods with light the  
watery plain  
And the kindled bow's bright splendor marks the passing  
of the rain.

Spirit of God, on hearts aweary send abroad Thy latter  
rain,  
From our souls, grown weak with sinning, wash away  
each blot and stain,  
Quench unholy passion's fires, bid all strife and discord  
cease,  
Till our lives, cleansed and replenished, know the beauty  
of Thy peace;  
And our eyes, o'er the dark valleys where thy healing  
streams have poured,  
See again hope's rainbow gleaming and behold the risen  
Lord.

## THE HOME PORT

*(To C. H. D.)*

I know a peaceful valley  
Far off among the hills,  
Where soft airs love to dally,  
And sparkle bright the rills;  
By sheltering slopes defended  
From Winter's harrowing,  
By flowers and birds befriended  
When earth is sweet with spring.

Thither, old friend, we'll hie us,  
Our rough seafaring o'er,  
And let the storms sweep by us,  
Fast anchored close to shore.  
Our fears we'll leave behind us,  
Of wrecks on raging seas:  
Dull Care shall never find us  
Up there among the trees.



We're tired of towns and cities,  
    Their worry, rush and noise,  
Of schools and school committees,  
    Of errant girls and boys;  
Of stoking and of steering  
    With life-belts at our sides,  
Of head-winds, strong or veering,  
    Of fogs and shoals and tides.

Across the shifting splendor  
    That gilds the evening sea,  
A voice, restrained, yet tender,  
    Is calling you and me:  
"Too long by storms blown seaward,  
    Of treacherous winds the sport,  
Your helms bend hard to leeward,  
    Back to the old home port."

Fare, then, whom ocean favors;  
    Its pearls and gold lie deep;  
And faint its wealth now savors  
    To them that by it sleep.  
But now calm days await us  
    And, 'spite of cloudy weather,  
Heaven send fair winds to take us  
    To the home port together.

#### LINES TO AN APRIL LADY

Old Time's a cheat, as Age today,  
    Again, as radiant Youth he poses;  
From some he steals life's bloom away,  
    To you renews its roses.

May many a budding April share  
    With you the beauty of her flowers,  
And what must come of grief and care  
    Be fleeting as her showers.

## THE SUB-PREFECT AFIELD

(Being a metrical version of A. Daudet's "*Le Sous-Préfet aux Champs*")

Coachman before and footman behind,  
Their ribands streaming before the wind,  
The sub-prefect in his tall cocked hat,  
His silken coat and his gay cravat,  
His striped trousers, with silver braid,  
And his nacred sword, with its shining blade,  
In a carriage fit for its honored load  
Takes his stately way down the dusty road;  
For Monsieur the prefect must give today  
His speech at the fair of the *Combe-aux-Fées*.

"'Tis deuced hot in this Provence sun;  
'Twere well if the job were over and done,"  
Quoth the sub-prefect 'neath the noontide glare  
As he fixes his notes in a pensive stare.  
"*Chers citoyens*"—how the insects hum!  
"Dear citizens"—but the thoughts don't come;  
Till soon he spies o'er his glasses' rim  
Some little live oaks that beckon to him:  
"Come, rest in our shade this hot June day  
And write your speech for the *Combe-aux-Fées*."

Even a prefect needs must yield  
To the potent charm of the wood and field:  
"Ho, Jean, Henri, at ease, while I  
Compose my speech in the wood hard by."  
And, with striped trousers and sword and all,  
Monsieur responds to the sylvan call.  
The violets shy in the tender grass  
Shrink back to let the great man pass,  
The birds cease singing, the springs to flow,  
And this little world all murmurs low:

“What gay bird this, who comes to preen  
His ruffled plumes in our fresh demesne?”

No whit disturbed, with his writing-case  
Spread o'er his lap at an oak tree's base,  
Monsieur, with expectant pencil pokes  
At the nodding grass and the Muse invokes;  
“Dear citizens”—“Tu-whoo-tu-whoo,”  
Said a blinking owl to a big hoopoe.  
And, one by one, in a merry rout,  
The hidden folk of the wood call out—  
“How bald he is!” the warblers trilled,  
“Is he wicked, too?”—and the small world thrilled,  
Till a nightingale who had filled with song  
The prefect's gardens all season long,  
Her voucher gave of his character,  
And from field and wood came a joyful stir,  
The birds 'gan singing and springs to flow  
And violets hid in the grasses there  
Their perfume shed on the summer air.

See Monsieur slowly his pencil raise,  
As once again he his speech essays,  
But as he ponders: “O, what's the use?”  
Calls a saucy bird, and the rustic Muse  
Of fairs and forums must veil her face,  
And yield to the spell of that woodland place.  
And when at sunset, the servants came  
To seek their master, for fear of blame,  
Monsieur the prefect, all disarrayed,  
And prone outstretched in the forest shade,  
With his striped trousers and sword and all,  
Was breathlessly writing a madrigal!

## WHEN THE TIDE IS LOW

The waves reach lovingly out to the sands,  
When the tide is low;  
Gentle the touch of their tremulous hands,  
When the tide is low;  
And many a shell whose rainbow hue  
Is softened and toned by the ocean's blue  
Do they bring to the wanderer's raptured view  
When the tide is low.

And the old, old memories, they beckon to me,  
When the tide is low,  
As my bark glides over the evening sea  
And the winds of the haven blow;  
But *one* sweet, fond voice from the shining throug,  
Unvexed, unmoved by my sin and wrong,  
Calls back to me like an angel's song,  
When the tide of life is low.

## THE SMOKY SPELL

(September, 1898)

At dawn, its light half seen through smoky air,  
The dim sun moves his lessening path along,  
Unheralded, save from the waysides where  
The sleepless crickets greet the day with song.

At noon, a world close veiled in burning haze,  
The sun from cloudless skies no shadow throws,  
No chattering brook makes glad the dusty ways  
Where, in lone state, the golden rod still glows.

In bosky uplands where the meadows end,  
A drumming partridge thrills the peaceful gale,

And flower-stalks, ripe to harvest, dumbly bend  
To the soft beating of its winnowing flail.

By many a grange dim cauldron fires burn slow,  
Late gardens murmur with the hum of bees,  
Through the blue light the ripening pumpkins glow  
Like golden apples of Hesperides.

It is a land of quietness and dreams;  
The sounds that break the slumbrous afternoons  
Make drowsy music, and the silence seems  
Haunted with Pan's weird, immemorial tunes.

No smouldering sunsets bring the twilight shade,  
While ceaselessly the pasture lanes along,  
Where once bird voices joined in serenade,  
The sleepless cricket trills his even-song.

## THE FLIGHT OF THE BIRDS

From my western window at close of day,  
I saw by the light of the setting sun,  
Two feathered things in russet and gray,  
Awing for the Southland far away,  
Flying slow o'er the uplands dun;  
And the god of day, like Midas of old,  
Touched their flying forms and they turned to gold.

And I thought, as I watched them fade from sight  
In the west on the far horizon's rim,  
That something long cherished, pure and bright,  
Had gone with them on their wings of light  
And left all dark and dim;  
But I knew that the sound of the summer rain  
Would call them back to the North again.

Thus our hopes take wing and fly away  
Like the birds in the autumn haze;  
The purest and brightest—alike they go  
And why it is we may not know,  
But we trust that in better days,  
In a purer light and a softer air  
They'll returned, fulfilled, sometime, somewhere.

### CENTENNIAL HYMN

Today a glad hosanna  
Our mingled voices swell  
To Him, whose living manna  
On thy brave founders fell:  
And where, in earth's broad regions,  
Thy wandering children be  
They bow in new allegiance,  
O Mother Kind, to thee.

How clear each heart remembers,  
Bright through the mist of years—  
'Mid memory's kindled embers,  
Each well-loved scene appears:  
The old "Mill" proudly gleaming,  
Fair Learning's avatar;  
Beyond, still calmly dreaming,  
Mansfield, serene and far.

Thine still the strength and beauty  
That fired the heart of youth,  
The strength that lies in duty,  
The beauty that is truth.  
And e'er thy sons shall cherish  
Who with thy nurture grew,  
Thy fair name, nor let perish  
The good Heaven bids thee do.

Still blows Truth's free winds o'er thee,  
Westward in golden gleams,  
As in old days before thee  
The sunset glory streams;  
In years to come may dwindle  
Wrong's legions in that light,  
And other strong hearts kindle  
To battle for the right.

### LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT

What thoughts were thine when was first given to each  
The other's name, with that fine grace that lends  
The rite its charm, and by such formal speech,  
They deemed us strangers, who were more than  
friends?

Did you recall that day of happy chance,  
When, 'mid strange crowds, the present, bare and lone,  
Bloomed radiant at the magic of a glance,  
As soul met soul and Love had claimed its own?



“CLOSE THE BOOK AND LET THE BREEZE”

Close the book and let the breeze,  
Singing through the orchard trees,  
Speak from Nature's heart a tone  
Poet's lay has never known.

What is wanting in the song  
Let the brook tell, all day long  
Making, with its silvery voice,  
All the listening glen rejoice.

Or at dewy sunrise, hark  
To the skyward-soaring lark  
Telling thee what joys await  
Weary souls at heaven's gate.

Let, from brook and flower and tree,  
Mother Nature speak to thee  
And her fine poetic rage  
Put to shame the mimic page.

Close the book and, closing, dream  
By some naiad-haunted stream,  
All her oracles can teach  
Far beyond our human speech.

Close the book—what's lacking there  
Time and Nature shall repair,  
Till, forgot, its simple lay  
In sweeter music dies away.





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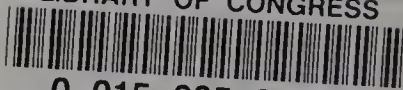
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